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THE GIFT OF  
John R. Effinger  
and  
Margaret E. Huggard



BX

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I3

Mr. + Mrs. J. R. Effinger -  
with love - from J. M. Huntington.









SYLVAN S. HUNTING.





# In Memoriam.

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REV. SYLVAN S. HUNTING.

1826 - 1894.

Thou art God's diadem  
Whose flames brighter than the kingly man  
Whose only crown whatever crown he wears,  
Whose death as glorious as grandly dies  
And the white banner of his manhood bears  
Written in purple as uplifted to the skies."

REV. SYLVAN S. HUNTING.  
1826 - 1894.



# In Memoriam.

REV. SYLVAN S. HUNTING.

1826 - 1894.

" In all God's diadem  
No star shines brighter than the kingly man,  
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,  
Who grandly conquers or as grandly dies ;  
And the white banner of his manhood bears,  
Through all the years, uplifted to the skies "

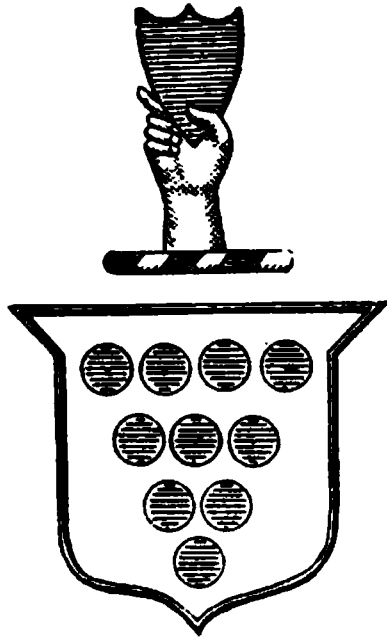


DES MOINES:  
P. C. KENYON, PRINTER.  
1894.

**“We must work for this generation, and have faith.”**

ND

Gift  
John R. Eppinger  
and  
Margaret E. Huggard  
9-16-38



SYLVAN S. HUNTING was born March 22, 1826, in a farmhouse, in the town of New London, Merrimac County, New Hampshire. He was the ninth child of Israel and Lucinda Everett Hunting, and was a descendant of John Hunting, who came to America from the county of Suffolk, England, in the year 1633, and settled in Dedham, Mass., where he was admitted a freeman the next year and became one of the founders and a "ruling elder," of the Dedham church. The subject of our sketch, as a young boy, attended the district school and Colby Academy at New London.

In November, 1842, at the age of sixteen, he was considered "competent to teach a common district school," and began that fall in the neighboring town. In September, 1847, he went to teach a "select school," at Contoocookville, N. H., and November 29th of the same year, he was placed over the school at West Acton, Mass., as "teacher, governor and example." The following spring he went to Haverhill and attended school at Bradford. In the fall he returned to West Acton to teach the High School, and again went to Haverhill where he continued his studies until the fall of that year, 1849, when he was admitted to the Harvard Divinity School, at Cambridge.

Wherever he went, Mr. Hunting found many true friends who testify by their letters to their deep affection for him, and to their high appreciation of his talents and the sincerity of his Christian life. His journal of these years bears witness to his deep religious fervor. He was accustomed to go out into the woods and the sunshine to listen to the birds, to study the plants and flowers, and to pray to his God. July, 1849, he writes :

“ Why do I go into the woods to pray, if there is no God, as some say? Why have I within me those aspirations of soul for the pure and holy, the true and beautiful, unless there is a fountain of purity, of holiness and truth? If there is nothing higher than mere matter, why does my soul rise in reverence of something of a higher principle? This were an inconsistency. ’ Twould be an absurdity for me to have a veneration for that which does not exist, and this veneration a natural sentiment of the soul. It would be an anomaly unlike anything else I know. Then let my faith in a God be immovable. It is so. I have no doubts.”

After graduating from the Divinity School, in 1852, he had two calls, one to Dedham and one to Brookfield, Mass., and under the advice of his old professor, Dr. Noyes, he accepted the latter, as offering greater opportunities for work. In October, 1855, he was married to Carrie E. Stowell, and in September, 1856, their son Stanley was born. His wife was not strong, failed through the winter, and in February, 1857, she passed away.

In October, 1858, Mr. Hunting left Brookfield and went to Manchester, New Hampshire, to become pastor of the Unitarian church there. In November of that year he was married to Julia M. Stevens, of North Andover, Mass. On April 3, 1861, a son, Charles S., was born. After three years stay in Manchester,

in November, 1861, another move was made to Detroit, Mich., and there a third son, Nathaniel S., was born February 18, 1863.

In 1863, Mr. Hunting resigned his position to enter the army as chaplain of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, Michigan Infantry, Volunteers. He was with the Ninth Army Corps, which served in Kentucky, Mississippi, East Tennessee and Virginia, being used as a corps to fight any and everywhere. His work was mostly in the Sanitary Commission and hospitals, caring for the sick and comforting the dying. He was mustered out August 4, 1865, and after preaching two months and a half in several places in Michigan, accepted the pastorate of the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Quincy, Illinois, where he remained until January 1, 1871. Then he received the appointment of the American Unitarian Association to the place of Western Secretary, and served in that office till June, 1874. In that capacity he traveled much over the West, spent one year in Indianapolis, Ind., and went to Davenport, Iowa, November 1, 1873. In the fall of 1880 he moved to Des Moines, to take up the work begun there by the Rev. Mr. Effinger, and continued in the pastorate of the church until March, 1886. After that, he founded churches at Luverne, Minn., Rock Rapids, Sioux City and Decorah, Iowa.

He was a man of great activity, both mental and physical. Although his life work was as a minister of the gospel, yet he found time and energy for many outside interests. On the 5th of May, 1848, he joined the Sons of Temperance, at Haverhill, Mass., and ever since has been a strong and willing advocate of everything pertaining to that reform. He early sympathized with the Anti-Slavery cause. On July 4, 1849, he wrote, "Shame on those slave-holding states that they celebrate this day (Fourth

of July), while they hold their fellow men in bondage." In his later years, he became much interested in the cause of released convicts, and was for a time president of the Iowa Prisoners' Aid Association, and a member of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections.

He continued his early interest in all educational matters, serving on the school-boards of Brookfield and Davenport. In the latter place, he was for one year president of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

At times, he grew dissatisfied with the amount and quality of the work which he was doing, or impatient at the slowness of achieving results; then would he recall the line which he early took for a motto:

"Learn to *labor* and to *wait*."

In the fall of 1892, the disease which had been insidiously fastening upon his system, began to assert itself and he sought medical advice. He received some relief but no cure, and finally, after months of terrible suffering, passed quietly away, early in the morning of the 2nd of June, 1894, at his home in Des Moines.



## FUNERAL.

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On the afternoon of Monday, June 4th, in the presence of his immediate relatives and a few near friends, a brief funeral service was held at the family residence. Rev. Leon A. Harvey, pastor of Unity Church, offered prayer and read the following poem, "The Secret of Content," by Paul Gerhardt.

### THE SECRET OF CONTENT.

---

Be thou content ; be still before  
His face, at whose right hand doth reign  
Fullness of joy for evermore,  
Without whom all thy toil is vain.  
He is thy living spring ; thy sun, whose rays  
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.  
Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light and grace,  
And changeless love beyond our thought ;  
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,  
If He is there, shall harm thee not.  
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,  
And calm thy fears,— nay, death is in His hands.  
Be thou content.

Or, art thou friendless and alone,  
Hast none in whom thou canst confide ?  
God careth for thee, lonely one,  
Comfort and help will He provide.  
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,  
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief ;  
Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,  
Thy secret sighs He hears full well,  
What to none else thou darest disclose,  
To Him thou mayst with boldness tell ;  
He is not far away, but ever nigh,  
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry,  
Be thou content.

Be not o'ermastered by thy pain,  
But cling to God, thou shalt not fall ;  
The floods sweep over thee in vain,  
Thou yet shalt rise above them all ;  
For when thy trial seems too hard to bear,  
Lo ! God, thy King, hath granted all thy prayer :  
Be thou content.

Sayst thou, I know not how or where,  
No help I see wher'er I turn ?  
When of all else we most despair,  
The riches of God's love we learn ;  
When thou and I His hand no longer trace,  
He leads us forth into a pleasant place.  
Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains  
When God will give us sweet release  
From earth and all our mortal chains,  
And turn our sufferings into peace.  
Sooner or later death will surely come  
To end our sorrows, and to take us home.  
Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here  
Served their Lord faithfully and well,  
Who died in peace, without a fear,  
And there in peace forever dwell ;  
The Everlasting is their joy and stay,  
The Eternal Word Himself to them doth say,  
Be thou content.

After this service the Odd Fellows escorted all that was mortal of Mr. Hunting, to Unity Church. The little edifice on Linden Street, which he had helped to build, and where he had presided as pastor so many years, was made beautiful by the many floral offerings contributed by loving friends. Here the services were of the usual order, addresses being given by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, of Davenport, and Rev. Leon Harvey ; and that beautiful poem, " He Who Died at Azim," the words of which have comforted many a bereaved one, was read by Rev. H. D. Stevens, of Perry. Mr. Hunting was laid to rest in Woodland Cemetery, Des Moines.

#### HE WHO DIED AT AZIM.

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He who died at Azim sends  
This to comfort all his friends :  
Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow ;  
And ye say, " Abdallah's dead ! "  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;  
Yet I smile and whisper this,—  
" I am not the thing you kiss ;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;  
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! What the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room,—  
The wearer, not the garb,— the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends ! Be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye,—  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone ;  
The shell is broken, it lies there ;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him ; let it lie !  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store !  
Allah glorious ! Allah good !  
Now thy world is understood ;  
Now the long, long wonder ends ;  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you ;  
But in light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,—  
In enlarging paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell friends ! Yet not farewell ;  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space.  
When ye come where I have stepped  
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught,  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—  
Sunshine still must follow rain ;  
Only not at death,—for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath

Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life centre.  
Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above ;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home !  
La Allah illa Allah ! yea !  
Thou love divine ! Thou love alway !

He who died at Azim gave  
This to those who made his grave.



# MEMORIAL SERVICES.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1894.





## MEMORIAL SERVICES.

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A memorial service was held in Unity Church on the following Sunday morning, at which addresses were made by Rev. Leon A. Harvey, Mrs. Margaret W. Campbell and Mr. Joel P. Davis, the last two being Mr. Hunting's long-time friends and co-workers in reform.

[ ADDRESS BY REV. LEON A. HARVEY. ]

Sixty years ago could we have looked into a certain New Hampshire farm-house, a mile out of the little town of New London, we should have found a boy of eight helping his mother with her work. It was a large family, eleven children—eight boys and three girls.

Sylvan, the little boy in whom we are interested, is rather delicate, and as he grows older continues to assist in household work. Winters he went to the district school and later to the Baptist academy in New London. At seventeen the studious boy has become a teacher. Meantime his quick, truth-loving mind has been studying the great problems of religion. He had been brought up a Baptist. At twelve years of age he was baptised, the ice having been broken for the ceremony. But his generous nature could not long brook the Calvinism of fifty years ago. He found himself sympathizing strongly with the Universalists, whose preachers he sometimes walked ten miles to hear. We can well believe that this kindly gospel of love took flame in his ardent soul. He was beginning to ask, "What shall my life work be?" This gospel was the answer. Indeed, when we picture such a nature as Mr. Hunting at twenty must have had, and see it face to face with a broad and generous gospel, to whom it comes with all the freshness of a new revelation, we can hardly conceive any other result than that he should become its preacher and prophet.

He went to Harvard University where he prepared himself for his life work. In 1852, at the age of twenty-six, he was ordained to the Unitarian

ministry, becoming pastor of the Unitarian church in Brookfield, Massachusetts. The delicate boy has become the strong and robust man. The farmer boy has become one of the leaders in a New England village. It seems a little thing; but behind this achievement there are years of toil and self-sacrifice. There is the steady and persistent determination to make life worthy and great. There is the high task which the boy set for himself, there are the visions and the hopes which fancy painted, and there are the discouragements and hindrances which only the braver surmount. It was characteristic of the man that he went to Brookfield rather than to Dedham, to which latter place he had been called, not because it offered greater salary—the salary was some \$300 less—but because it offered greater opportunity for work. And now let me briefly summarize the years between that settlement in Brookfield and the present time. Six years at Brookfield; three at Manchester, N. H.; two in Detroit; two in the army; seven at Quincy, Ill., which included a season in Europe, two as Western Secretary of the A. U. A.; seven at Davenport and seven as pastor in Des Moines, fill in the years until 1888. During the past five years he has been active in mission work throughout the state. In 1892 he dedicated the church at Decorah, which his enthusiasm and earnestness brought forth. There, too, he ordained their minister, Mr. Pierce, Mrs. Pierce being ordained with him. To these years I shall recur again. I only ask you to note that the field of his labors is steadily enlarged from the little New England village. First, Manchester, then Detroit, then after the war the West, with smaller cities it is true, but with boundless opportunity to preach a gospel as yet unheard, and always, as at the first, it was this opportunity which he sought.

Probably the best background for the understanding of any man's life would be found in the quiet of the home where that life is for the most part lived. I must, therefore, say one word concerning Mr. Hunting's domestic life. Three years after his settlement in Brookfield, he married Miss Carrie Stowell. After a year and a half she passed out into the unseen, leaving a baby boy but five months old. In November, 1858, he married the Mrs. Hunting whom we know and love more deeply than I believe she can realize. Looking over his journal we find him neglecting it for months and even years together, taking it up to record the return of Mrs. Hunting from

a summer visit. In these pages we discover that underneath the restlessness which he so often deplores, there is a great sea of affection and gratitude. His home was sacred, his wife and children were deeply loved.

If he could tell us to-day what he would care most to have remembered, I think it would be his service in the army. In his journal he says, "My life in the army was arduous and stirring a part of the time, and a part of the time monotonous and lonely. I served one year in the field hospital of the first division, Ninth Army Corps, in Virginia, where I think I did very good service." This modest estimate of his work finds ample justification in the private letters and public records of the time. Augustus Woodbury, in his "History of the Ninth Army Corps," says: "Chaplain Hunting of the Twenty-seventh Michigan was always active, zealous and efficient in the camp and field." General Waite, one of the generals under whom he served, in a private letter written to Mr. Hunting in January, 1866, says: "I think you will agree with me that the task of the chaplain in the army is the most thankless of any—everybody seems inclined to consider him a free horse. I have often thought, and feel now, that I would rather go through the hardships and dangers of a regimental office than perform the duties you did around the hospitals. I believe you had occasion to exercise more real courage and Christian fortitude than any of us. While other officers are rewarded by promotion, chaplains must be content with the consciousness of having done their duty,—a very desirable thing in itself but it doesn't say much to the world." If other testimony were needed we have this from a Detroit paper, published toward the close of the war:

"Chaplain S. S. Hunting is now in charge of the hospitals of the whole Ninth Corps. He has proved himself wonderfully efficient, devoted and serviceable, and been rapidly promoted in this delicate service. The soldiers almost worship this good man, and he is so much engrossed in attending to their innumerable wants—in cheering the convalescents, writing letters to their friends, providing supplies, and consoling the dying with the holy promises of religion, that he has no time for correspondence with his friends or with the press."

How stirring must have been the days about the time this same newspaper clipping suggests, when it says that before crossing the Rapidan the Twenty-seventh Michigan (Mr. Hunting's regiment) was 1,200 strong,

since which time it has lost seven officers killed and eight wounded and six hundred men. Think of it! a few days fighting and half the regiment dead! And what did the chaplain do? He staunched the wounds of the fallen and helped to bear them from the field; he bent above the dying and took down their parting messages to family and friends. To him their valuables were committed, to him whitened lips whispered their last sad messages of love. In that little pocket diary which he carried on the field there are such entries as this:

"A dying man said to me to-day, 'Tell my friends I love them but I love my country better.'" On the lips of an orator such words might be only rhetoric; but on the lips of a dying soldier they are real. Think of a death like that and then think how a dying soldier would long for some ear in which to pour his dying word, and how relatives and friends would cherish it in years to come. Or, take this entry of our chaplain. There has been a battle and there are many wounded. The hospital is in his charge. He writes, "Rose early and got breakfast for all the wounded men, rebel and union, in the hospital." And so the record runs. For three days and nights at the battle of the Wilderness he hardly rested. We cannot praise such a record; it is above praise. We can only say, "Thanks, noble chaplain! Thanks to thee! Thanks for the lives you saved, for the comfort you bestowed, for the tidings you conveyed—tidings they were which have made men better, women more consecrated, through all these years. Henceforth we shall remember thee, not only as preacher and pastor, but shall give to thee, in thought, the nobler name of chaplain."

"Always active, zealous and efficient in the camp and field," says the history. We may carry the words over into the years of ministry that followed. He would not have me say to-day that he made no mistakes. He would rather say, cherish my virtues and profit by my mistakes. What these virtues were, you who knew him intimately can testify. He was made on a large and generous plan; there was nothing small or mean about him. His mistakes were hardly more than his virtues emphasized. They were born of excessive zeal for righteousness—never of malice or self-interest. Temperamentally impatient, he could still toil longer for a cause and wait longer for results than the most of us. This is splendidly illustrated by his work for this church. Let me read you a few pages from his journal—the

last he ever recorded there, written February 3, 1887: "In the fall of 1880 I came to Des Moines from Davenport to take up a forlorn hope in the form of a small body of Unitarians in this city. Four hundred dollars was all they could offer as a salary, and the state conference added four hundred more. Eight hundred dollars as a salary! Think of it, reader, in a city where it cost us \$1,500 or \$2,000 to live. Well, I took up this job with a zeal that I never put into any other work, in a hall 60x20 feet, a small congregation indeed. But I induced every one to believe that we could succeed, and we pushed the enterprise. The society raised its four hundred dollars and then added a little more the second year. Then we began the church edifice. About \$6,000 were raised in this city, and when we were through, the A. U. A. had put in \$4,000 more. December 3, 1882, we dedicated a church—a good building and a small congregation.

"I am not sorry I began here. I have made a great sacrifice, if seen from a business point, but no sacrifice from the moral standpoint. I have preached temperance, righteousness and judgment to come, and now. We have had some cheerful times, and much to try my patience. I think I do not rely enough on the sympathy of others to win their real friendship."

It takes a man of power in this mammon-loving America of ours, working among Liberals to whom the old reasons for a church no longer appeal, and who have only just begun to appreciate the new reasons, it takes a man of power working under such conditions, to make a church. Mr. Hunting had that power and this church building is the witness to it. He breathed into that little band of Unitarians a spirit of loyalty to this church which discouragement has never daunted. Do you not see shining through all this a noble success? I certainly do. There were the years of building when his enthusiasm put hope into all hearts. There were the years of labor in the home which he had made. Then came the discouragement. For this he has no word of blame for others—not even in the privacy of his journal. He says simply, "I think I do not rely enough on the sympathy of others to win their real friendship." We are glad to believe that in this he was mistaken. But the word is no less generous and noble. It has in it no bitterness, but is sweet and wholesome as the voice of youth. This is success of the highest sort—the success which is the birthplace of character. The second success which I see is the loyalty to principle which he somehow

planted in his followers. It is a loyalty which will not, I believe, allow this church to fail. His robust and manly teaching touched the springs of character. It did not entertain men simply for the hour ; it planted truth and righteousness so deeply that the presence of these in the men and women whom he taught has become a daily joy. That is success, and success which only the noblest can win. To us is committed the high task of carrying on the work which he begun. Let us be as generous and self-forgetful as he. Let us see to it that his years of sacrifice for this church shall not have been in vain. Let us make his life work the seed of a mighty harvest yielding its hundred-fold. In times of discouragement, if they come, let us take that last sentence in his journal as our motto: "We must work for this generation and have faith."

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[ ADDRESS BY MRS. MARGARET W. CAMPBELL. ]

DEAR FRIENDS :

We, the women, who have been greatly blessed by the life and labor of our departed friend, come now to express our gratitude and to offer our tribute of respect to the memory of him who has just passed from our sight.

Mr. Hunting, as we knew him in the prime and vigor of his manhood, and as we must always remember him, carried the conviction to all with whom he was associated that he was, first of all, *a true man* ; that he was honest and sincere in his nature ; that you could safely trust him to do the thing he promised to do ; that he believed in the cause he advocated.

When a young man, nearly a half a century ago, he looked about him to see what were the needs of humanity, and where he could best put his young shoulder to the wheel of progress. He saw women—the mothers of men, held in bondage by laws made for them without their consent ; subject to the will of men in everything ; denied an opportunity for education except such as the common schools of the time afforded.

Early in his public ministry he opened his church and invited to his pulpit a young woman whose soul was fired with the spirit of liberty, and who had been refused admission to churches or halls in many places. She was disowned by the church of her fathers, persecuted with malicious zeal because she dared to lift up her voice in condemnation of the unjust laws and

customs of the time, and to demand equal rights and equal opportunities for men and women. It was then that this fearless young clergyman welcomed Lucy Stone to his pulpit without regard to the consequences, or what the cost might be, to his own prospects as a popular minister.

Mr. Hunting accepted the principles which underlie our government as something more than high sounding phrases or "glittering generalities" to be used by Fourth of July orators. He *believed* in them — he believed in the Golden Rule, and ordered his life accordingly.

If he felt that he ought to speak words of condemnation against the systematic fraud practiced upon women by laws which men claimed were made for their protection, and thought the pulpit was the right place to speak them, because some might hear who would never listen to lectures on the subject, he did not wait to ask if the pews would approve, but did his duty and waited for the growth that was sure to follow.

The women of Iowa have abundant reason to be grateful to him for the many ways in which he labored for their good. He went several times to national conventions as delegate from the State Suffrage Association, and always did most acceptable work. He was always ready to help where he was most needed. He made strong appeals to the Temperance men to accept the true solution of that vexed question. He wrote a very logical and convincing argument to the delegates of a state convention of the leading political party, at a time when it seemed necessary that they should call out all the moral power possible. He showed them in the plainest manner, that their safety and the best interests of the people would be secured, if they would take advantage of the help that God ordained for wise counsel in government, as well as in the family. But, alas ! where he looked for statesmen he found only politicians. But he was not easily discouraged. If one plan failed he was ready to try another.

He went often to our state conventions at his own expense, and by his earnest speeches put new life into half-hearted believers. Very few men had the power to so make our cause their own and to put themselves in our places, for the time being, as he had.

The Polk County Society passed a resolution in their regular meeting on Thursday last, expressing their appreciation of Mr. Hunting's labors here, in the following language :

*Resolved*, That the cause of woman's advancement has lost one of its earliest and most earnest friends, who, through a life of constant labor, made this an important subject of his thoughts, giving to it time, and strength, and an able and eloquent advocacy.

How we shall miss him ! We have lost a sincere friend and we grieve that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more ; but, while we are sad because of our loss, we rejoice that such a man has lived among us, and that he has by his consistent life and efforts for humanity, helped women to keep their faith in men. Long shall we remember his teaching, his example, his faith in all that is good and noble and true. God grant that his mantle may fall upon the young men of this generation, and that some of them may be found worthy to be our standard bearer.

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[ ADDRESS BY MR. JOEL P. DAVIS.]

“ Precious is the Memorial of the Just.”— *Evelyn*.

We have met here to-day in remembrance of a truly just man, our — not dead — but risen brother, Rev. S. S. Hunting.

It means much, especially in law, to say one is just.

The needs of society are for reform teachings and for benevolent acts. The conductors of our schools must be, not only just, they must teach also. And our brother was able, and broad and cultured enough, to cover the whole field of thought and activity.

Not many are thus fortunate. A close student, sifting carefully all the points in religion, morals, economics, and science, he was well qualified to teach on almost any subject. In matters merely logical he may at times have been too terse to be followed and comprehended by superficial persons, or by persons whose store of knowledge was made up from scraps, and had strong prejudicial biases.

In our brother there was no moral cowardice. He studied each reform as it came to view, and if it met his approval he at once became its advocate. In 1853 he invited Lucy Stone to his pulpit in Brookfield, Massachusetts, to deliver a discourse on Abolitionism when not one orthodox minister in a thousand, even in the North, could have been induced to do the same. It is far from my wish to call down odium on the then cowardice of the Christian



church. On the other hand, I call on you to *rejoice* with me, in the fact of the complete revolution of the pulpit and church members of the North, from a sympathy for the oppressor to the oppressed. How inspiring is this picture to the hope of the reformer! In the light of this history, which speaks a thousand-fold stronger from our public and private libraries all over the North than I have outlined it in the few sentences herein penned, what grand achievements may we not confidently anticipate in the not very remote future!

"Oh, man! thy soul's a casket fair,  
And filled with glories all divine."

In this we find the key to the solution of the fact that the lower we stoop to touch, and raise to manhood, the unfortunate victims of temptation, the more intense the activity and culture that comes to benevolence. For the higher qualities of our minds are the ones involved in *true* missionary work.

A person affords no evidence of his philanthropy in promulgating a reform when it has become popular. Only those who gave help when help was needed can claim honors.

So far we have established our brother in the front ranks of all the reforms. Have shown and proven his sincerity in espousing them and have claimed for him excellent ability to bring forth rich fruits from his labors.

#### PRISON REFORM—THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Pertaining to Mr. Hunting's work for the prisoners, I rely on his addresses and an extensive correspondence carried on between him and different wardens and chaplains in both of Iowa's penitentiaries.

At a meeting of the Prisoners Aid Society held in the Central Christian Church in Des Moines, Mr. Hunting, President, stated in his address that the aim of the society was "To help discharged prisoners to an honest life, and to prevent crime." Time forbids more than a reference to what was accomplished in the purposes sought. One of the wardens states that nine-tenths of their convicts have been in some state prison before, while carefully compiled reports show that forty per cent of the discharged prisoners who had been supplied with work, on regaining their freedom, had reformed.

These two facts favor this society's plan of work. Mr. Hunting aided

in securing the passage of a bill by the Iowa legislature, appropriating \$1,500 to aid discharged prisoners in securing work for each term of two years between sessions.

The wardens and chaplains above referred to, all appreciated Mr. Hunting's work, and spoke in flattering terms of his interest and efficiency in prosecuting it.

Mr. Hunting extended his inquiries to prisons outside of Iowa, eliciting facts and comparing methods, also suggesting radical changes, which have been important and helpful.

#### TEMPERANCE.

Of Mr. Hunting's connection with this greatest and most perplexing of all reforms, I am well advised. As manager of the Amendment Campaign to put Prohibition into Iowa's Constitution, I found in Mr. Hunting a strong, radical, and constant aid, ever ready to go wherever asked, and often called on.

I have already stated that our brother was a consistent Prohibitionist. Mr. Hunting said in this church, when it was claimed that law did no good, and that we must rely solely on education, "Yes, but law is one of the most potent factors in bringing about education."

During Mr. Hunting's ministerial service, extending over a period of forty years, the many sermons written on the subject of Temperance show that this reform was not neglected. When a teacher at West Acton he wrote "A Temperance Drama" which was performed by his pupils there, and made a serious impression on the community.

He has now passed on to join the great majority, where he will continue to teach such as may come after him, and will be a willing student under the great, good ones who have been learning there for centuries?

## RESOLUTIONS — LETTERS — TELEGRAMS.

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Many resolutions, letters and telegrams were received, full of kind words and sympathy. From these a few extracts are taken.



## RESOLUTIONS.

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[ From the Unitarian Society of Davenport. ]

REV. S. S. HUNTING having been for several years minister of the First Unitarian Society of Davenport, and having endeared himself to his parishoners by the integrity and earnestness of his life ; therefore, be it,

*Resolved*, That we bear in grateful remembrance the enthusiasm, ardor and generosity which he brought to the ministry ; that we deeply honor his devotion to the causes of abolition, temperance, education and prison reform ; that we recognize the benefits to Unitarianism which his prolonged and unflagging energies conferred ; and that we cherish with sincere joy the memory of his pure and earnest manhood. Be it further,

*Resolved*, That we extend to his wife and children our sincere sympathy in this their hour of affliction and trust that they will find deep comfort in the serene and devout faith which it was Mr. Hunting's highest joy to proclaim.

*Resolved*, also, That Rev. Arthur M. Judy be requested to represent this church at the funeral, and that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the society, published in the papers and sent to the family.

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[ From the Unitarian Society of Perry. ]

WHEREAS, That which was mortal of Sylvan Stanley Hunting has ceased its activity, and a ripened life has closed its earthly career ; be it,

*Resolved*, By the fellowship of Unity Church of Perry, Iowa, that in the death of Rev. S. S. Hunting we feel that we have suffered a great loss, and the cause of Unitarian Christianity a brave, successful and self-sacrificing teacher and defender.

*Resolved*, also, That to the early, constant and wise truth-sowing of our departed friend of God, we are to-day indebted for the prevalence of much of the liberal religious sentiment which prevails throughout Iowa, and of

which a full harvest can only come in future years ; and that we hereby wish to express our personal appreciation as a religious society of the inspiration of his presence and message, and of his sympathetic interest in the struggling efforts and missionary work connected with the Perry Unitarian Society ; also,

*Resolved*, That the cause of liberty of thought, and freedom of speech, and of the ever-present and varied wants of a suffering and neglected humanity, has, in his departure, lost one of its noblest advocates and most enthusiastic workers.

(Signed) HENRY D. STEVENS, *Minister*,  
AND 33 MEMBERS OF CHURCH.

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[ From the Unitarian Society of Sioux City. ]

SIoux CITY, IOWA, June 3, 1894.

Having learned with great regret of the death, at his home in Des Moines, of our valued friend, helper and co-worker, Rev. S. S. Hunting, we desire to express,

*First*, Our sincere sympathy with his devoted wife, assuring her that we share with her the loss of one so true, earnest, talented and kind ; we trust, that in the faith which *he* taught and exemplified so well, she may see " the stars shine through her cypress trees " and realize fully " that love can never lose its own."

We also wish to record our grateful remembrance of the great service rendered this church early and often by our friend now " gone beyond." To keep in memory fresh and green his wise counsel, able, energetic work, and large hearted care for us, it is hereby,

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon our church records, and a copy forwarded to Mrs. Hunting at Des Moines.

(Signed) THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH,  
Sioux City, Iowa.  
By E. H. BUCKNAM, *Secretary*.

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[ From Davenport Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F. ]

WHEREAS, By the decree of an inscrutable Providence, Brother S. S. Hunting has terminated his earthly labors and gone to his reward, thereby

again reminding us that "all must die," the learned as well as the unlearned ; therefore,

*Resolved*, That in the death of our late brother, our lodge has lost a talented and good member—one whom, while among us, it was a pleasure to meet and counsel with, in and out of our lodge-room ; that the order at large has been deprived of an able exponent of its principles—an Odd Fellow in deeds as well as in theory—and the community, one who was loyal to his country, and a generous and true Christian gentleman.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the wife and family of our late brother in this hour of their great affliction, and hope they may receive comfort from Him who doeth all things well, and in the recollection of the good example the brother has left us.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of our lodge, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the family of our late brother.

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[ From Iowa Woman Suffrage Association. ]

DES MOINES, IOWA, June 8, 1894.

WHEREAS, That noble friend of humanity, Rev. S. S. Hunting, has just passed from among us ;

*Resolved*, That the cause of women's advancement has lost one of its earliest and most earnest friends, who, through a life of constant labor, made this an important subject of his thoughts, giving to it time and strength and an able and eloquent advocacy.

Respectfully,

N. C. FLINT, *Recording Secretary*.

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[ From the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences. ]

*Resolved*, That in the death of Rev. S. S. Hunting, which occurred at Des Moines, June 2, 1894, this academy has sustained the loss of an honored life member and former President, and of a co-worker whose energy and enthusiasm were ever helpful and inspiring throughout the time of his resident membership. In him the world has lost a true man—honest, fearless, strong, one who did his duty and sought the light untrammelled by

prejudice or tradition. We honor him for the invaluable example of a long life thus spent, and for his unselfish devotion to humanity, not alone in the work of his chosen calling, but also in the causes of abolition, of education, of temperance and of prison-reform.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the family our deep sympathy in their loss, and that copies of these resolutions be transmitted to them and to the press of Davenport and Des Moines.

C. H. PRESTON,  
C. E. HARRISON, } Committee.  
ARTHUR M. JUDY, }

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[ From the Unity Club of Humboldt. ]

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Architect of the Universe to remove from the state at large our late brother and fellow-worker, S. S. Hunting ;

WHEREAS, It is but just that a fitting recognition of his many virtues should be had ; therefore, be it,

*Resolved*, By the Unity ladies of Humboldt, that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for the brother who has been taken from us.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. Hunting this society laments the loss of a brother, who was ever ready to proffer the hand of aid, and the voice of sympathy to the needy and distressed of all whom he knew, and he knew many ; who as an active minister of the Unitarian church exerted his utmost endeavors for its welfare and prosperity. A friend and companion who was dear to us all ; a citizen whose upright and noble life was a standard of emulation to his fellows.

In the temperance, equal suffrage and prison and reform work we have lost one of our staunchest friends and helpers. He was ever ready and always ready to champion any and every good cause.

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[ From Crocker Post, G. A. R. ]

WHEREAS, In the death of Comrade S. S. Hunting, of Crocker Post, the Grand Army of the Republic has lost one of its most efficient members, who was in the foremost rank in the performance of every loyal duty ;



*Resolved*, That we cannot esteem too highly the honorable, high minded, and loyal work, that our comrade has performed in the prison reform, the woman suffrage cause and Woman's Christian Temperance Union, where he held the front rank as an energetic and earnest worker. He was there bold and fearless in denouncing the wrongs that afflicted humanity, and by his example he did much to show how such evils could be remedied. His was a noble life, true to every duty, genial in all his social relations, never flinching in what he undertook until it was accomplished. Truly his life work was finished too soon for the good of the world. Though dead he still liveth. We would tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and we hope to meet our comrade on the eternal camping ground where there is joy evermore.

*Resolved*, That the foregoing be spread upon the Post records and a copy be furnished the family of the deceased, and to the city papers for publication.

T. B. ROBINSON, }  
A. N. PORTER, } Committee.  
S. W. MALTBY, }

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## TELEGRAM.

CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 1894.

Brave, frank, generous and loyal Brother Hunting. I send my tribute of love and fellowship to the departed and sympathy to the living.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

## LETTERS.

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DECORAH, IOWA, JUNE, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING:

We deeply feel the great loss you sustain and would tender you our word of heartfelt sympathy. The genial and energetic life may be with us no more, but his smiles and words of friendship have been garnered by many a heart, and there live on to awaken tender memories.

As we think of his departure we cannot but be grateful for his having lived in this world, and what he has done for us in Decorah. It is due to his zealous industry that we have a society of liberal religionists, and are enabled thus to enjoy the spirit of the larger faith, and the free development of a higher life within us. This is the aim he had in view, the realization of which he deemed his greatest reward.

He has many friends here among younger as well as older people. One friend of his speaks of how Mr. Hunting liked children and could tell them "such charming stories." In return the young ones loved him and felt that in his heart he was one of them. Another speaks of his pleasant ways and good-will, and how amid troubles and pain he was seldom heard to utter a word of complaint. Again, another loves to dwell on his little acts of kindness and helpfulness. Nearly every one here seems to have caught and stored a ray of sunshine, of which Mr. Hunting's heart was so full and which spontaneously brought light and cheer wherever he went.

You may be sure that the name of "the Father of Our Church" here will always be highly respected, that the thought of him will recall his genuine character and that the memory of his walk among us will continue to be deeply cherished. As in Des Moines, we shall hold a memorial service to him in our church here next Sunday forenoon.

With greatest regard, and sincerely wishing your welfare, the friends in Decorah send you this word of sympathy and appreciation.

Respectfully yours,

B. A. VAN SLUYTERS,

For Unity Church.

SIoux CITY, IOWA, JUNE 2, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

My heart goes out to you in loving sympathy, and I regret deeply that I am unable to go to you on Monday and pay my tribute of respect to one who has always been so kind to me and whose work in the state has been so great a power in lifting life to higher levels of thought and feeling. "I cannot think of him as dead." I must think of him as busy somewhere in the cause of truth and right, as living in the larger, richer, sweeter life of the ever beautiful beyond.

Faithfully,

MARY A. SAFFORD.

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KALAMAZOO, MICH., JUNE 12, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. HUNTING :

O, I am so sad to hear of dear Mr. Hunting's death ! How I remember that it was your husband who first helped me by piecing out my very scanty library with a generous loan of his books. And he was always so kind to and so interested in the younger ministers. I have so often regretted that my removal out of the Iowa Conference took me where I seldom saw him of late years ; but I have never thought of him without warm and grateful regard, and I feel that it is a warm and staunch friend who has passed away. . . . With sincere sympathy and love,

Yours,

CAROLINE J. BARTLETT.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y., JUNE 8, '94.

MY DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

Your brief note of the 5th inst. has come to hand. It bears a sad message in bringing news of the departure from earth of your dear and ever cherished companion. He was one whom so many of us knew and held in merited honor both as a friend and a brother.

Blessings on his loving and royal spirit, wherever in the world of God he may be ! He has fought the good fight. He has kept the faith. He has earned the crown with peerless glories bright ! Truth, the pure

unadulterated truth, unqualified, unhampered by temporizing or compromise. Truth and the supreme, eternal excellence, was the goal of his aim and striving, and the shrine of his soul's worship. Like the brave knight he was, he guarded this the Holy Grail, and found there the fountain of perpetual quickening and strength. It gave him the immortal youth. Right loyally he wrought, faithfully, with never hesitancy or swerving, he carried truth out as the revelation of Heaven to Humanity, in application to all the affairs and businesses of men. Honor to his name and memory. The welcome and the plaudit of the skies come to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Joy is to him as he enters on the fruition and reward of such a noble and productive life; enters also upon the opportunity gladly of new exertion and new accomplishment. The sorrow, sense of bereavement, is to us that remain; the world rendered bare, solitary, seeming henceforth less worth, since his departure. But we, too, must take up the tasks, and bear them as best we may.

Bereft, we are not left unaccompanied, unillumined. That bright, shining life, that signal example of a royal greatness, a quenchless devotion and love, still pours its ray, affording incitement and fresh measure of strength, amid all the solitude and sorrow.

Very vividly come to mind the reminiscences of that grateful past within which I knew our brother. He was always alive and alert, of an aspiring intelligence! Ever road-girt and ready, glad to go out to any and every human service. Ever studying to acquire, he was gaining new wisdom perpetually. His word was always friendship and cheer, his conversation was enrichment and quickening to the mind.

Permit me, my dear sister, to assure you of warmest sympathy in this hour of loneliness and sorrow. May you find now, as I am sure you will, and more now than ever, that serene strength and great support you have known so well to reach in the years gone by. To your dear and cherished household, the children of your united love, who will be to you now the more near and sacred that the partner of your life is gone, I would send my condolence and heart's blessing. To the friends who have gathered around, listened to, and lived beside this teacher of righteousness and the peace of Heaven, I would tender congratulations on their rare privilege in having

such a pastor and guide as has been theirs. These friends are many, they are in numerous towns and cities in the West, they are in the broad land East and West as well.

Our brother is not deceased, he lives. He has not died, he has ascended. He is not absent in the spirit, he is more deeply, more preciousy present than ever before. Present he will remain, to lift and to bless with the radiance and the life-imparting breath of his beautiful, truthful and sustaining soul.

Ever yours faithfully,

CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 7, 1894.

DEAR MR. HARVEY :

It did not startle me to get that sudden word yesterday, though I had not heard of Mr. Hunting's sickness. It seemed natural to learn that our good friend had gone on into the quiet.

No heart in the band of Western ministers was warmer, no mind more generous in its love of things that are just and pure and free. And what rich welcome rang in his voice as it gave greeting! I can hear it now, and see his smile, and feel his hand. His greeting will be one of the things to distinctly *miss* at the Conferences. I saw him first, I think, in Quincy, five and twenty years ago. He happened to be gathering the street boys into an evening school, and I arrived on the very day of its beginning; but somehow, in the midst of all the preparation, he made time to come down to the depot to meet the stranger. That was like him.

If his judgment sometimes overleaped its mark—who is always wise?—he was always open-minded, brave and true; one who would risk results for the right's sake as he saw the right, instead of risking the right for the sake of results. In the attempt to limit freedom among the Western Unitarians, he stood for freedom. I trust his picture will be in the little gallery that ought to be forming in the Western Conference headquarters. As one of the pioneers of the liberal gospel in the West, as Secretary, for a time, of the Conference, and as one who tried to hold it free in that "issue" which, with all its pain, is yet to bless us all, his silent face should watch the councils in those rooms in which he has so often taken living part. The faces of

the "Old Guard," as one by one they go,—Eliot, Clarke, Conant, Herbert, Learned, Hunting,—should take their places there. Will not his friends see to this for Mr. Hunting?

Truly yours, and thanking you for sending word to me,

W. C. GANNETT.

5551 LEXINGTON AVE., CHICAGO, JUNE 4, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING:

I am grieved to learn through my daily paper of the death of Mr. Hunting. He had been in my thoughts the last weeks and I was wondering how it was with him. Can it be that he is gone and I am to see him no more? He was so genial and good a friend and had been my associate in work for so many years that I count it a great loss to have him gone! . . .

Alas, that he should go so soon when his presence was so much needed here. He will be much missed in our Western circles, in our churches and conferences and homes where he was known and loved.

With sincere regard and sympathy,

Your friend,

JOHN R. EFFINGER.

1748 WAVERLEY PLACE, ST. LOUIS, JUNE 13, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING:

It was a week ago Sunday that I saw in the morning papers a despatch announcing Mr. Hunting's death. No further word has since reached me. Mrs. Learned and I spoke of him and of the associated work in the past, which, to us older ones, these departures from our ranks so vividly recall. Others are coming forward, and doubtless will come, and they will do their work in their way under new conditions and new inspirations; but that earlier band, with its warm and close fellowships of more than twenty years, is growing less and less in number. Of them all none had a kindlier heart or a readier hand than Mr. Hunting, or gave himself more to the work in single and in whole; none more forgot himself in the willingness to serve the common cause, and none was more patient and charitable under the difficulties and antagonisms we have had to meet.

I was glad to have the visit with him in February of last year. Though I felt the physical change that had come to him ; the weakness against which he was battling with all the hope that he could command, the kindness and gentleness of his disposition suffered no least abatement, but rather impressed me more than ever. I have heard nothing of you both since last summer. I hope in these last months he has not had to suffer great pain, though I fear it may have been so. But from all that he is now free, and whatever awaits upright lives and kindly hearts beyond the rim of our present vision is surely his portion. . . .

I send this word of remembrance and sympathy as his and your friend,  
F. L. HOSMER.

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OMAHA, JUNE 5, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

I have noticed with sorrow the announcement of the death of your husband, with whom I have had acquaintance and friendship for more than thirty years. His kindness has been unfailing, seeking me out when I was most in need and winning my gratitude from first to last. . . .

His was a long and faithful service. Few have done so much for our cause in the West in noble, unselfish ways. We shall miss him greatly.

Accept assurances of my heartfelt sympathy.

Ever yours,

N. M. MANN.

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GENESEO, ILL., JUNE 15, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

Mrs. Miller and I tender you our heartfelt sympathy for the loss you must feel at the death of your husband. Mr. Hunting was highly esteemed by us as a longtime, tried and true friend. Sincere, gifted, genial, broad-minded friend he was, and we were always glad to meet him. . . .

His memory will always be one of the brightest and dearest to us of the ministerial fraternity.

Sincerely yours,

M. J. MILLER.

651 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

It was with a pang of sorrow that I learned of the death of Mr. Hunting, for though I knew that he was not in full health I hoped that his life might be spared much longer. For many years I have had a high regard for him, which ripened into a closer friendship during our intimacy at the Chicago Fair. He was true to his principles and ideals, loyal to his convictions, and frank in expressing them, and faithful in his affections. The more one knew him, the greater was the estimate formed of his purposes and character. . . .

With the faith we cherish, and of which Mr. Hunting was an illustration, we can live in trust when grief darkens the heart. We never can "drift beyond His love and care"—so wherever our loved ones may be, they are with the Father, and are His children. Moreover, the memory of our dear ones is a rich and imperishable legacy.

With a renewed expression of my sympathy, I am,

Truly yours,

S. W. BUSH.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., JUNE 13, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

The paper which gave me the sad report of Mr. Hunting's death was a grievous surprise to me. What can I say? Words are almost useless in such a trial. . . .

He has done his part toward making the world better. My old friends, one by one, are passing away, leaving me alone. Nearly all Mr. Hunting's parishioners here are gone. The young all remember him for what he did for them—not a selfish hair on his head.

. . . . I can't realize it is I that's old, but when I have seen the fourth generation growing up around me, I must admit it is so. . . . I shall keep you in my mind daily, knowing we live and move in our Heavenly Father. . . . If the house were filled with people they could not fill the want of our own family. You will find it so. How much you will miss Mr. Hunting!

You have my love and sympathy.

MRS. M. BASLINGTON.



QUINCY, ILL., JUNE 14, 1894.

MRS. HUNTING :

*My dear friend,* . . . The notices were fitting tributes to Mr. Hunting's well-spent life ; his was certainly a life well spent. It has always seemed to me that his great success in life came—in addition to his large intellect—from a realizing sense of the importance of using every moment ; there were none lost.

His death causes a personal loss to his many old friends in Quincy.

With much love,

LINA B. JANES.

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NORTHWOOD, WORTH CO., IOWA, JUNE 24, 1894.

MRS. HUNTING :

*My friend,* . . . I shall gratefully remember Mr. Hunting as a brave, strong, true-hearted man—a friend whom Mr. Eno greatly appreciated—a gentleman whose acquaintance I was, and am glad to have made. From the depths of my own loneliness I sympathize with you in your unspeakable sorrow. Hope bids us look up and beyond to life unbroken, though its conditions are changed. Faith anchors us in the belief that the loved are in the Father's care, and that Eternal Goodness is still over all.

Sincerely yours,

KATE S. ENO.

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LINCOLN, NEB., JUNE 21, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

I feel his death to be a great personal loss, for though of late I saw him rarely, I had him much in mind and felt that he was a strong brother, near at hand and always to be relied on. And when we lost, so suddenly, that promising and dearly loved boy of ours, in that time of distress, we both felt that no one could minister to us as Mr. Hunting could, and so sent for him. It was the last time we ever saw him, and he then seemed full of health and vigor, and with the same restless, searching intellect as of old—a mind that stimulated to high thought and investigation, I have rarely known one well who approached him in vigor and freshness of thought. His untiring energy

was a constant marvel to me. His sermons were invariably good, and his personal bearing always added dignity to the occasions when he spoke.

Very truly yours,

HENRY E. LEWIS.

WEST ACTON, MASS., JULY 28, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

I am grateful for the paper containing the obituary of Rev. S. S. Hunting, but am pained to know of his death.

I was one of the very youngest in his temperance drama, in Acton, which produced such a profound and lasting impression upon the entire community.

He visited me and preached in this place ten years ago, when he came East to attend the graduation of his son at Harvard University.

My deepest sympathies are with you in this time of trial and loss. May you be sustained.

Very truly yours,

CLARA H. NASH.

THE ILIAD, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. HUNTING :

Mr. Byers and I cannot refrain from expressing to you the sympathy we feel for you at this time. We had not the advantage of more than a casual acquaintance with Mr. Hunting ; but such a life and character as were his leave an impress on the community and awaken in us the keen sense of a personal loss.

Receive, dear Mrs. Hunting, our sincerest expression of deep regret and fervent sympathy.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

MARGARET BYERS.

Des Moines.

SIoux CITY, IOWA, JUNE 4, 1894.

DEAR MRS. HUNTING:

I esteem it a privilege to have known Mr. Hunting, an honor to have had his friendship, as it was a pleasure to entertain him as a guest. Mrs. Bucknam joins me in all I write.

Very sincerely yours,

E. H. BUCKNAM.



## PRESS COMMENTS.

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[Des Moines Daily Register.]

Mr. Hunting was not only a preacher, he was a reformer and a man of science in the highest sense; and a philanthropist of eminent services. Before the war he was the friend of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and Lucy Stone, and was associated with them in the Abolition movement. His private correspondence bears the names of T. W. Higginson, Bronson Alcott, Dr. Noyes, and many other distinguished Americans.

. . . . In everything that he did he was enthusiastic. There was no half-heartedness in him. He touched full palms, not finger tips. He was willing to live and to act for what he believed, and to die if need be. Such a life is a great contribution to the world in any time, and the taking away of such a life, even though it comes after years of service in every good cause, is an occasion for sorrow.

[Des Moines Saturday Review.]

All the lives that have come in anyway within touch of the influence of the revered minister, Rev. S. S. Hunting, who passed away last Saturday, feel the loss most keenly. The world has lost a noble worker. His lines of work lay in whatever direction mankind needed help. He brought to his work a personality strong and wholesome. He was tireless in any undertaking. He worked with the energy and hope of youth; with absolute faith in mankind; with a nature so magnanimous that self was entirely lost. His cultured mind grasped quickly remote outlines—essential and important facts. Details he left for the more plodding. He loved young people, their activity, their faith. His spirit did not grow old as the years crept on. The bright, earnest look in his eyes, his cheerfulness, his erect and dignified carriage, his strong, pleasant voice, all bespoke of the pure life he lived. The spring which fed his virtue came from within. No petty motive, no thought of appearance lay behind his action. He loved right for right's sake. He had great strength as an organizer. In his chosen calling his

activity has brought a manifest influence, and Unitarianism in Iowa has been given an impulse by the closing twenty years of Mr. Hunting's labors, which will drive its roots deep and spread its branches broad.

[Des Moines Leader.]

By the death of Dr. S. S. Hunting, who was laid to rest by such tender and reverent hands in Woodland Cemetery last week, the world is the poorer for the loss of one of God's noblest works—an honest man, for that he was in a most eminent degree. Honest in his daily walk and in his convictions, between precept and practice he builded well and strong, the best bridge of all—consistency.

His life and character most fittingly emphasized the force and meaning of Emerson's words :

"Go put your creed into your deed,  
Nor speak with double tongue."

Never in little things did he lessen his stature, for his was an essentially large nature in the small things of life. He knew not the meaning of the term policy, was the fearless, large-minded, large-hearted humanitarian from the outset to the end of his career, and his influence must and will be felt, even though

"He has passed hence, through the small, narrow door,  
Has set sail on the Eternal Sea,  
To sight new shores—God's undiscovered Lands."

[Des Moines Evening News.]

The finished career of Dr. S. S. Hunting reveals a glorious perspective of philanthropic activity. His abilities were great, but the qualities of his warm, true heart were even more notable than those of his clear and discriminating brain. He was very nearly the ideal Christian gentleman.

Dr. Hunting was as young in mind in his last years as in middle life. He was a reformer as long as he breathed.

[Davenport Democrat.]

There are many Davenporters, outside the Unitarian church of which he was pastor for seven years, who will remember Rev. S. S. Hunting. He was a man of strong individuality and who added much to the physical as well as to the moral force of this city. Every public enterprise found in him a

warm supporter. When Mr. Hunting thought he was right nothing could move him from the lines along which it appeared to him best to move. The impress of his character and work remained long after he left this field of work, and it will abide for years to come.

[ *Newton Herald.* ]

Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Des Moines, passed to higher life last Saturday. He was born in New Hampshire in 1826. He was founder and for many years pastor of Unity Church in Des Moines. He was a prominent Odd Fellow ; at one time he delivered the annual address in our city. He was a religious, political and social reformer. He has devoted much of his time and means to prison reform. He was a noble and true man, in all the attributes of noble manhood. He was one of the writer's faithful friends in our sickness in Des Moines four years ago. Dr. Hunting was an ardent reformer by nature and temperament. As a young man he was an Abolitionist and a personal friend of Lucy Stone, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and other reformers. He was a friend of Edward Everett Hale, who took part in his ordination in 1852, and is the only survivor of all who participated.

### A LAST WORD.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE DES MOINES WOMAN'S UNITY CLUB.

[ *Saturday Review*, June 30, 1894. ]

The Unity Club of this city for years has enjoyed the privilege of meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hunting. Accustomed to the pleasant parlors and library of this hospitable home with evidences of taste and culture on every hand, to the warm cordiality of host and hostess who welcomed them as guests to the house, the members of the club are nowhere else so much at home, nor will they ever be.

Mr. Hunting's death has come to each as a personal loss. Always happy and helpful in discussion, kind and ready to contribute from his ripe experience for the general good, taking a deep interest and lending all possible aid to the cause of woman's advancement, he will be greatly missed and sincerely mourned by those whose hands he has so often clasped in friendly greetings and good-byes. He is no longer with us, yet seem Mrs. Barbould's words to us like an echo of his own cheery voice :

" Say not good-night, but in some other clime bid me good-morning."